

De La Soul Lyrics

"U Don't Wanna B.D.S."

(feat. Freddie Foxxx)

Hahahahahahahaha!

[Freddie Foxxx]

HA! Check it out!

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, also known as Freddie Foxxx
That's right, and I came to check my niggaz De La Soul

See y'all niggaz don't really wanna bust dat shit huh
Yaknahmsayin? So I'ma show you niggaz
the super-laser-gamma-ultra-killa-nigga special
You niggaz ain't no killers
You motherfuckers ain't gonna hurt nobody nigga
You better keep rhymin nigga
'fore I smack the shit outta you you little fuckin sissy
You niggaz ain't real; that's right

It's De La Soul baby, and Bumpy motherfuckin Knuckles baby
Alright, c'mon on!

[Maseo]

Check my stats, entire - apparat'
Even from the days when I had to roll strapped
Wonderin if I gotta go back to that
Zest to rub records from rap and kick facts
to tracks and stack, one *[?]* got kayed
Yeah some got paid, some waved in the fades
Fact of the matter my style will never fade
Managin to keep it all A-grade
So you can stay nourish and flourish with the truth
[?] some niggaz I know
If I need a mayday
Bust some fuckin niggaz tryin to play me cra-zay
Causin interruptions to my big pay-day
Playin with them guns make them fuckin lea-ry
but if it's clear-ly
Merely and surely and, how it's gotta be
I got some thorough niggaz that's ridin me
So witcha bullshit I'm not buyin it B
Don't come around thinkin you can try it with me
Cause uhh..

[Chorus: x2]

You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh!)

You don't wanna bust dat shit (NO NO!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (UH-UHH!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit!!

[Maseo]

Shick shick, CLIK-A-CLIK
This is where my people headin at
Innocent people are carryin gats
Now what the fuck is all that?
Is it cause times is live like a wire
gettin shock treated by the crossfire
Ha-siyahh, burn bare well prepared
to make my decision for my livin
I ain't the one (Robin) I'm the one (Given)
Hip-Hop driven, and willin to die for it
When Scott LaRock died man I cried and shit
Then some cats got rich callin a woman a bitch
but ain't no woman like the one I got
and if you call her a bitch well you might get (BLAM)
And I know the feelings is mutual
It's uncivilized and unsuitable
Crips and bloods are recruitable

[Chorus]

[Freddie Foxxx]

Ha ha, yeah you get the motherfuckin point, HUH?
You niggaz get the motherfuckin point, HUH?
That's right so while you niggaz is sittin up in central booking
Crying like bitches, HUH?
I'm in the motherfuckin holdin block
waitin for your sweet pussy punk ass
And I'ma whoop the shit out of you
for gettin on a fuckin record, actin like you a fuckin killer
I'ma show you niggaz what a motherfuckin killer's all about, HUH?
You niggaz ain't no motherfucking gangsters
You don't wanna bust that motherfuckin shit punk
I'll punch your whole chest cavity out faggot
You ain't no real nigga, nigga
I'll smack the shit out of you
cause you ain't a fuckin live nigga
You sittin in central booking, cryin like a bitch
Waitin for your father, to come bail you out
and Freddie Foxxx don't play that shit nigga
That's right, Bumpy Knuckles motherfucker
And if you don't know, now you motherfuckin know
And yo De La, check it out - it's your motherfuckin man
And if any one of them niggaz get sidewindin with you nigga
let me know, and I will send them niggaz hot ones
like I'm a motherfuckin Mexican - feel me on that one HUH?
Cause them niggaz know me nigga
Believe me nigga they know me
The motherfuckin troublemaker, that's right

And De La Soul, is rollin with Bump' Knux' nigga
So WHAT?!?!! Tell me, WHAT?!?!!?